IN THE FOREST.

Deep shadows in emboughed trees
Are homes wherein to stay,
Green forest-vistas build with ease,
The spirit's glad highway.

The aspen leaf's fine tremolo
Can never quite be still,
But oscillates, now swift, now slow,
On light-hung pediciel.

All forest-stems, or dark or gay,
Or straight, or bent, I love,
But most the aspen's bole of gray,
In hue soft as a dove.

And birches that, 'mid dappled green,
Stand like the columns light
Of marble temples in the sheen
Of alabaster white.

At noon a woodsy fragrance lifts
Distilled by midday heat,
And redolent it dreams and drifts,
Till all the air is sweet.

The feathery, curling ferns possess
Damp hollows of the woods,
Their fronded tribes the forest bless—
Emerald beatitudes.

At nightfall swells a wild, weird note,
Tone-music of the breeze,
Blown from a mountain gorge remote,
To play upon the trees.
—Mrs. Merrill E. Gates, in N. Y. Observer.

The Reparation of Eustis Carter

By NELLIE CRAVEY GILMORE

WHEN Dr. Henderson entered the reception room adjoining his office at ten o'clock, the usual crowd was there waiting for him.

During the six years that had elapsed since his graduation the young specialist had made marvelous progress in his work, so that, at the present day, not one of his contemporaries stood so far to the front of the professional ranks as himself.

Several patients were interviewed in their turn before Eustis Carter found himself ushered into the doctor's private office.

"Not that I really think you can do me any good," he began, with a sort of hopeless defiance; "but"—he paused and a paroxysm of coughing ensued—"but I've heard wonderful things of your skill and, well it's a drowning man's last chance, that's all." He leaned back wearily, almost exhaustedly, shading his eyes with his palm. After awhile he sighed, and looked up, a faint gleam of eagerness in his glance.

Dr. Henderson regarded him with quiet scrutiny for several minutes. "If I were quite sure that you want to get well," he ventured, "I could—I think I could treat you successfully. At the very least, I could promise you a better lease on life than you appear to possess now."

Carter sat suddenly forward in his chair, a quick light transforming his pale features into momentary joy. "What do you mean by that?" he demanded; "that you can—that you can really cure me?"

"It is just possible."

Carter was silent a little after that, lost in thought; his whole expression was changed, lightened. Then, presently, a slow frown drew his brows together, as his eyes searched the specialist's face narrowly.

"But," he protested, "you have not even examined me; you don't know the condition of my lungs. Why, this thing's been going on for over a year!" He spoke excitedly, and with a brutal self-discouragement, which, nevertheless, bore an unconscious prayer for refutation.

"Was there consumption anywhere back in your parents' families?"

"I think not; in fact I'm sure of it. What makes you think I don't want to get well?" he concluded, irrelevantly.

Dr. Henderson shook his head and smiled. "I must have been mistaken," he said, "although I confess you seemed indifferent enough at first."

"I was hopeless; that's all. When I tell you that I have spent six months in a hospital, and paid out a small fortune to try to get on my feet—with the result you see—"

The doctor interposed a nod of comprehension. "Naturally," he assented, "but I must give you to understand in the beginning that you will have to yield yourself entirely to my charge for at least that much longer—perhaps twice as long. An examination must determine that."

Carter looked blank for an instant, but quickly recovered himself. "Five times over," he broke out earnestly, "if you can make a man of me. The fact is," he went on with a faint flush, "I have been out there in the Philippines for four years, living like—well, like we soldiers do live there. I deserted my wife and child to enlist; God knows how they have managed since, though I can't help thinking sometimes that they have been better off with me gone." His voice broke and a sudden dimness came into his eyes.

The doctor looked at him kindly and laid a gentle hand on his arm. "Never mind about the past," he said; "we are going to have you in shape now in a little while, and you can make it all up to them then."

Carter stared at him dully. "I could never do that," he declared, "not if I lived a thousand years. She was an angel and I—well, I was everything in the catalogue of bad, from a drunken dog to a blackguard. However, I mean to go back, if she will let me, and start all over again, clean-handed and whole, but not till I'm that."

* * * * * *

Three months passed swiftly.

"If you keep on at the present rate, Wilkins," Dr. Henderson told his patient one morning, "you will be a different being in another quarter."

The unaccountable impulse which urges so many people to do the same thing had prompted Eustis Carter to give, instead of his own, the name of a dead comrade.

"I shall never be able to repay you, doctor," he replied, feelingly; "not enough money has been coined to express my gratitude for this."

They were walking toward Dr. Henderson's office, and both went in together. It was out of business hours and the rooms were deserted. Dr. Henderson carried his patient into his private sitting room and disappeared for a moment to give an order.

Carter interested himself in a study of the unique furnishings of the apartment, all of which bore a characteristic reflection of the specialist's original taste.

Presently he paled and caught his breath; the life-sized portrait of a woman, young and very beautiful, smiled down at him from the space above the mantel. The face was grave, tender; a little sad, yet sheathed with a strange, peaceful happiness.

When Dr. Henderson returned, a few moments later, Carter had controlled his agitation, at least outwardly. After a little desultory talk he enquired, casually, regarding the portrait.

The doctor raised his eyes, flushing a trifle as his glance swept the pictured face.

"I am proud to be able to say," he replied, and a smile came to his lips, "that she is my promised wife. We are to be married in about six months, on her return from the south."

Carter was silent; a quick, grayish pallor shrouded his face; his tongue seemed thickening beyond all power of utterance.

"She is as loveable as she is lovely," the other went on, with an involuntary, almost boyish eagerness to pour out his heart to someone. "A woman who has suffered, endured—and triumphed. What must have crushed many another woman has chastened and ennobled this one. Her husband,

"YOU HAVE NOT EVEN EXAMINED ME."

a worthless sort of loafer, mistreated her shamefully, only to abandon her at last and die miserably in some heathenish country."

"She couldn't ever have—have really cared for him, then?"

"Oh, I think not, at the last; she couldn't very well, you know, after—everything."

A clock somewhere in the neighborhood struck two and Carter rose to go. "I'll be in to-morrow at ten," he said carelessly, and closed the door behind him.

But to-morrow came and went, and he was not there; and many more to-morrows, until a month had slipped by.

Finally, one day, in glancing over his morning mail, Dr. Henderson was not in the least surprised to come across a letter bearing the Manila postmark and addressed in the scrawling, backhand of his patient.

A check for a generous amount was enclosed, and just a few lines on half a sheet of note paper solved the situation.

"My dear doctor," he wrote, "I need not tell you that the old restless fever for excitement is on me again; you've doubtless run across my kind before. And that I appreciate more than I can express, your kindness and patience, is also superfluous to add. Maybe out here I can stick it out alone somehow. Sincerely,

"A. E. WILKINS."

Dr. Henderson read the contents over twice; then folded the sheet and laid it aside, mechanically.

"Poor devil," he mused, with a genuine sigh, "he'll be a dead man in less than two months, and he knows it. I thought from the first that he cared rather a trifle too little about getting well, in spite of his assurances to the contrary."

All Classes Go Abroad.

All kinds of people in the United States go abroad. In the second cabin you will find men who work for day's wages, school teachers, clergymen from the country towns and vilages, merchants, farmers, mechanics and representatives of every profession and persuasion, who consider it profitable to spend $50 or $60 of their savings for a steamship ticket in order that they may have an opportunity of seeing something of the world.

Shutting Him Off.

"Now, here's a piece of goods," said the voluble drummer, "that speaks for itself. I—"

"All right," interrupted the weary buyer, "suppose you keep quiet for five minutes and give it a chance."—Philadelphia Press.

Descriptive.

"She is down on the bills as the 'Burlesque Beauty,'" said the first soubrette.

"Well," replied the other, "that word just about describes the style of her beauty, sure enough."—Philadelphia Ledger.